

## Fever Dream

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## Fever Dream

by [Nyx93](#)

### Summary

Dream wakes up not feeling his Gucci best. Thankfully, he's got one (fake) Minecraft Boyfriend to take care of him from across the ocean, along with a friend who is somehow an expert at planning obituaries.

### Notes

This is an entirely self-indulgent ficlet that I'm writing, solely based off of the 'clever' title name. Please enjoy my insomnia writings, and please don't cancel me, this is all in good fun.

(Also two '>>' means an incoming message (a message sent by someone else), and one '>' means an outgoing message (sent by Dream))

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream always hated being sick.

It didn't happen too often, with the blessed warm Florida weather, but when it did happen, it hit him like a truck. It was on a rainy afternoon too, which was just an added blow to Dream's misfortune.

He had planned to go out that fine Sunday morning, not really caring if the weekend was the busiest day for his city. Dream was tired of being cooped up in his house for so long, which was a bit out of character for him, considering the hours he's spent at home making videos.

Speaking of, he didn't plan on staying out for long, maybe an hour or two at most to get some fresh air before he streamed with George. Dream was usually an early riser anyway, mainly due to the largely differing time zones between him and his friend, so it shouldn't be too big of a deal.

And just when it seemed like the stars were about to align, a video fresh up on Youtube to provide content for his rabid (but loveable) fans, he came down with a fever.

Whatever God was up in the sky must hate him.

Waking up to a splitting headache, Dream groaned as he tried to pull himself off of his bed. His alarm read 4 am, definitely nowhere near his normal wake up time. His brain pounded against the inside of his skull, echoing into his ears.

Not daring to turn on any lights in fear of worsening his headache, Dream stumbled around his room in the dark, trying to make his way over to the section of his room where he knew he had some pain relievers hidden away.

Just barely managing to avoid stepping on his cat Patches, he grabbed the bottle of Tylenol (or maybe it was Advil, Dream couldn't remember), and downed two pills dry. He didn't want to have to move his aching bones to the other side of his room where his water bottles were; that would be too much effort with little to no reward.

Dream (quite literally) flopped back onto his bed with a heavy, pained sigh, his head still ready to burst open. He could only hope that by the time he woke up, his headache would be gone, and he could proceed to have a normal day.

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Unfortunately, his hope was severely displaced. When Dream opened his eyes to his clock reading 12:14 am, his headache was certainly not gone. He groaned as he reached out his arm to grab his phone (an arm that felt like someone had punched him 200 times in a row) to see any new messages.

10 new discord notifications, 7 of them from George, and three from Sapnap. Dream winced as the brightness of his screen, quickly turning it down to the point where it didn't feel like his eyes were on fire.

He unlocked his phone, and tapped open the Discord app. His messages automatically opened to his private messages with George, seeing as that was who he had last chatted with. Dream scrolled to the beginning of his friend's messages, trying anything to ignore the pounding in his head.

**12:09am**

>>Hey

>>we still on for tomorrow  
>>or today, now, ig

**3:27am**

>>whoops, forgot americans live in a weirder timezone  
>>fucking losers

**8:32am**

>>message me when u wake up

**11:57am**

>>HELLO? DID YOU DIE???

Dream squinted his eyes in an attempt to lessen his head pain as his fingers typed away on his phone's keyboard.

>im akive  
>alive

He closed his eyes after sending the message, hoping he could get a smidge of rest before George responded to his message. Unfortunately for Dream, his phone buzzed in his hand barely half a second later.

>>thought u died for a sec  
>>im guessing no stream today?

Dream could practically hear the disappointment in his friend's voice. He had been looking forward to streaming today, they would have finally been going back to their survival world with their ugly, poorly made house (as so many of his viewers liked to remind him).

>yeah, no, sorry

Dream could see his friend's incoming message, singled by three bouncing dots, wiggling in the corner of the screen. After a slow blink, the dots disappeared, a message popping up in its place.

>>what's up?

>ims ick

Dream half-expected a sarcastic, uncaring response from his friend, something teasing like 'sucks to suck' or 'pogn't', but he never expected something genuine.

>>awe, im sorry, that stinks

Well, everyone says to expect the unexpected, Dream supposed. He sat up in bed a little straighter than before, and continued typing away.

>yeah it does

>>I know that soup and medicine always help when im sick

Dream smiled at the thought that his friend was so willing to try and make him feel better, even while practically halfway across the world.

>already took some pills, starting to feel a tiny bit better

>no soup in the house tho

George didn't respond after that, and the blonde man tried not to take it too personally. George probably had other things to do in his weird backwards nation, Dream thought to himself. He closed his eyes again, phone still in hand, decided that he may as well sleep some more while he waited for George to respond.

A couple slow minutes passed as Dream kept his eyes shut, attempting to will himself to lose consciousness to relieve himself of his pain. His phone pinged again to alert another notification; a response from George.

>>Is ur address still the same from when u sent it to me during the holidays?

Well, that was certainly a weird question for George to ask. He has sent his address to George after the brown-haired man had begged to send him a package as a thank you gift (or something like that) for the holiday seasons. Dream wasn't sure why George was asking him to confirm his address now of all times, but he shrugged, and went along with it.

>yeah

>why lol

Dream waited another minute or two for George to answer, his curiosity growing almost as intense as his headache.

>>Did you know u can order food for someone on the other side of the ocean?

>>technology is crazy nowadays

It took Dream a solid minute to comprehend what exactly George meant by that (after all, who answers a question with another question?) but when it finally registered in Dream's exhausted head, he gasped audibly

>you didn't

>>that depends on what you think i didn do :))

George's snarky reply was so in character for his friend that Dream couldn't help but read the message in the British man's voice.

>did you seriously just UberEat's me from across the ocean?

>>wait seven to fifteen minutes from now and maybe that will answer ur question.

Dream smiled widely, his boost of serotonin dulling the pain of his headache slowly but surely. There was no faster way into a Florida man's heart then with soup ordered by a fairly attractive British boy.

(Of course, this didn't apply to all Florida men, but Dream couldn't care less). As he continued to smile, another message came through from his phone.

>>also while u wait, u may wanna text Sapnap

>>I kinda freaked when u werent responding and now he thinks ur dead

Dream couldn't help but let out a rough laugh, his voice hoarse and dry from a lack of use that morning.

>ill get right on that george, promise

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True to his word, Dream did indeed open up his three missed messages from his friend, who, just like George said, was practically planning Dream's obituary.

**9:12am**

>>yo, ur mc bf thinks ur dead, u should probs respond to him

**10:44am**

>>u usually dont sleep this late, is everything good in crocodile land??

**11:53am**

>>what type of flowers do u want at ur funeral?

He was right, Sapnap was indeed planning for his death ceremony.

>ive personally always been a fan of cornflowers and alliums

It may have taken Dream nearly half an hour to respond, but it took only three seconds for the blonde to see three little 'incoming message' dots bouncing at the bottom of his screen.

>>u nerd, those are from minecraft

>>but ill keep that in mind. If u didnt die in ur sleep im p sure George will kill u anyway for making him worried

>>treat ur minecraft bf better or he'll become my mc bf instead

Dream's mood improved almost immediately, if there was one thing that always made him feel better, it was his friends acting like idiots

>fat chance, no way george would leave a 10 for a 6

Not even giving Sapnap the opportunity to respond, Dream sent another message, chuckling to himself as he fully sat up in his bed.

>also, i already told him im not dead, ty very much

>he ordered soup for me

>>why

Oh right, in all the excitement about a possible funeral, Dream had forgotten to tell Sapnap that he felt like absolute dog shit.

>im sick

>>ew thats gross

And there it is, because what's a lifelong best friend without making fun of you for any mild inconvenience under nobody's control. Dream sighed, a sly smile on his face as he texted back.

>I appreciate the sympathy, Sapnap

>Also its gators

>>What?

>It's gator land, not crocodile land. Get ur facts straight

>>Shut up nerd

Dream smiled at Sappnap's insult (if you could even call it that), and was about to text back, when he heard a knock from his front door.

>u shut up, my food's here

With that, he put down his phone, made sure he was wearing clothes (he often had to double check before opening his front door), and grabbed his wallet. It still hurt to move, but not nearly as much as it had the night before.

Dream opened up the door, realizing too late that his hair most likely looked like he had just woken up. In fairness, he did just wake up, but he didn't want the delivery person to know that.

Thankfully, the plain looking delivery person didn't seem too bothered by the man's appearance. They confirmed the order, and handed Dream his bag of food. Dream asked the total for his order, and the worker gave him a weird look.

"It says you already made your payment. Or whoever ordered for you paid already." The delivery person told him.

It took Dream a minute to process, and he made a mental note to himself to thank George multiple times. He handed the worker a tip, and closed himself back into his humble abode. The bag felt hot in his hand, and only then did he notice the restaurant logo on the bag.

Dream put the bag on his table and made his way back into his room to grab his phone. Traveling his way back to his kitchen, he opened his phone and messaged his British friend.

>how'd you know to order from one of my fav places?

>>u mentioned it a couple times before, i just remembered

>>bc im such a good minecraft bf

Dream chuckled to himself as he opened his soup, the smell of warm chicken broth filling the air around him. He tapped away at his phone to respond.

>yeah fine, u r

>only because u got me chicken noodle

>and because u paid

>>thank u

>>ofc i paid, u idiot.

>>and yw

Dream ate his soup slowly, scrolling through Twitter to check any notifications. No more than usual, some DM's and well done fanart which he was tagged in. a couple passing minutes, Dream realized that his head wasn't hurting nearly as much as it had been earlier, the medicine was probably in full effect.

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It wasn't long before Dream's spoon scraped against the bottom of the empty soup container, signifying its delicious demise. His body was still warm, but this time it seemed to be more from the soup than his fever. The intensity of his headache has died down, but was still very much

present.

He cleared the table where he had been sitting, and headed back into his bedroom, phone still in hand. Dream collapsed onto his bed with a sigh, as Patches tilted its head at him curiously from the floor.

The blonde man pulled out his phone, and shot a quick message to his friend (and current savior).

>Thanks for the meal Georgiepoo

>>its no big deal

>>tho u've gotta treat me to dinner on our next date

Dream laughed clearly, his throat smooth and less hoarse after drinking the soup. He tapped his keyboard quickly to respond.

>I will promise

>as soon as you come to Florida

>>Its a deal, Dream.

## End Notes

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